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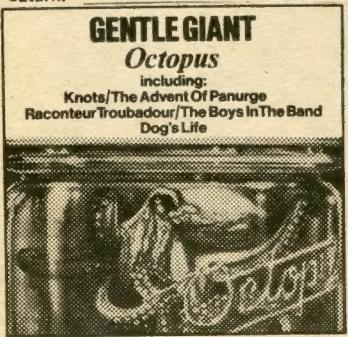
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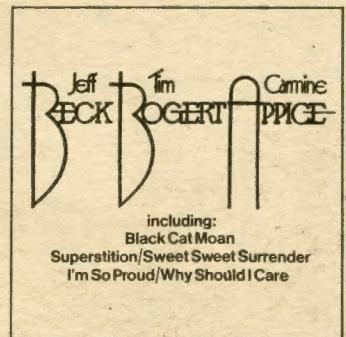
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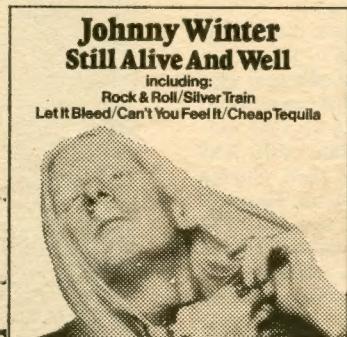
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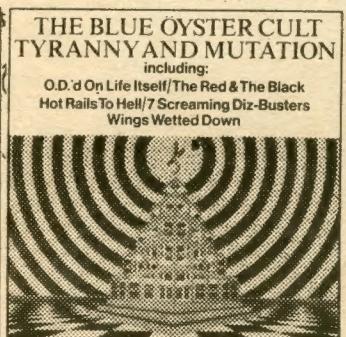
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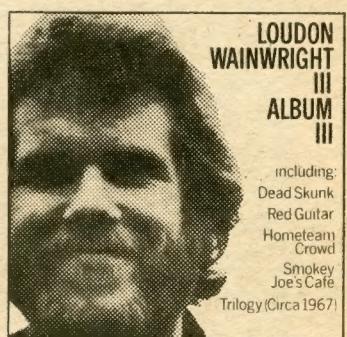
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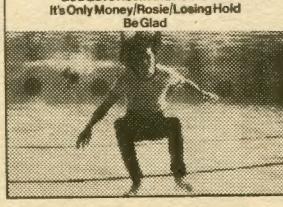
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BETTER DAYS

BONNIE RAITT LITTLE FEAT

By Alex Ward

It was shortly before 1:30 a.m. and Paul Butterfield's Better Days were just wrapping up a superb set with a rousing encore of "C.C. Rider" before 4,150 people in Georgetown's McDonough Arena who had just been laid flat on their asses by five hours of music the likes of which any of us will be lucky to hear again. By that time, the sound system had wreaked havoc on my one bad eardrum, forcing me to retreat from a fifth-row seat to the back of the hall. It was a reluctant withdrawal. Butter and his band looked and sounded as if they were ready to launch into an all-nighter, and under normal circumstances I would have welcomed it; but this particular evening had already been the source of so many highs that when the last chord was struck the audience was more washed out than the performers. I think we all just wanted to crawl on home and think about it.

The concert — which featured Little Feat, Bonnie Raitt and an unannounced appearance of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup in addition to Better Days — turned out to be one of those rare occasions where everything is just right — the right blend of musicians whose feelings about their music and each other are equally strong, and a receptive and enthusiastic audience. The cosmic forces couldn't have done a better job.

Little Feat, with their tight, flat-out rock & rolling, was most responsible for setting the tone and pace of the evening. This group has a limited, but well-earned, reputation as one of the best performing bands in existence, and Saturday night provided ample reason why. Lead guitar and vocalist Lowell George, keyboard man Bill Payne and drummer Richi Hayward give Little Feat about as talented and energetic backbone as you could ever hope to hear, and their songs are high-velocity rockers handled with no shortage of either style or imagination. "Dixie Chicken," for example, the title cut from their latest album, which contains the immortal line, "If you'll be my Dixie chicken/I'll be your Tennessee lamb/And we can walk together, down in Dixieland." Or, "Oh, Juanita," my personal favorite, that would warm Bo Diddley's heart, or "Walkin' All Night."

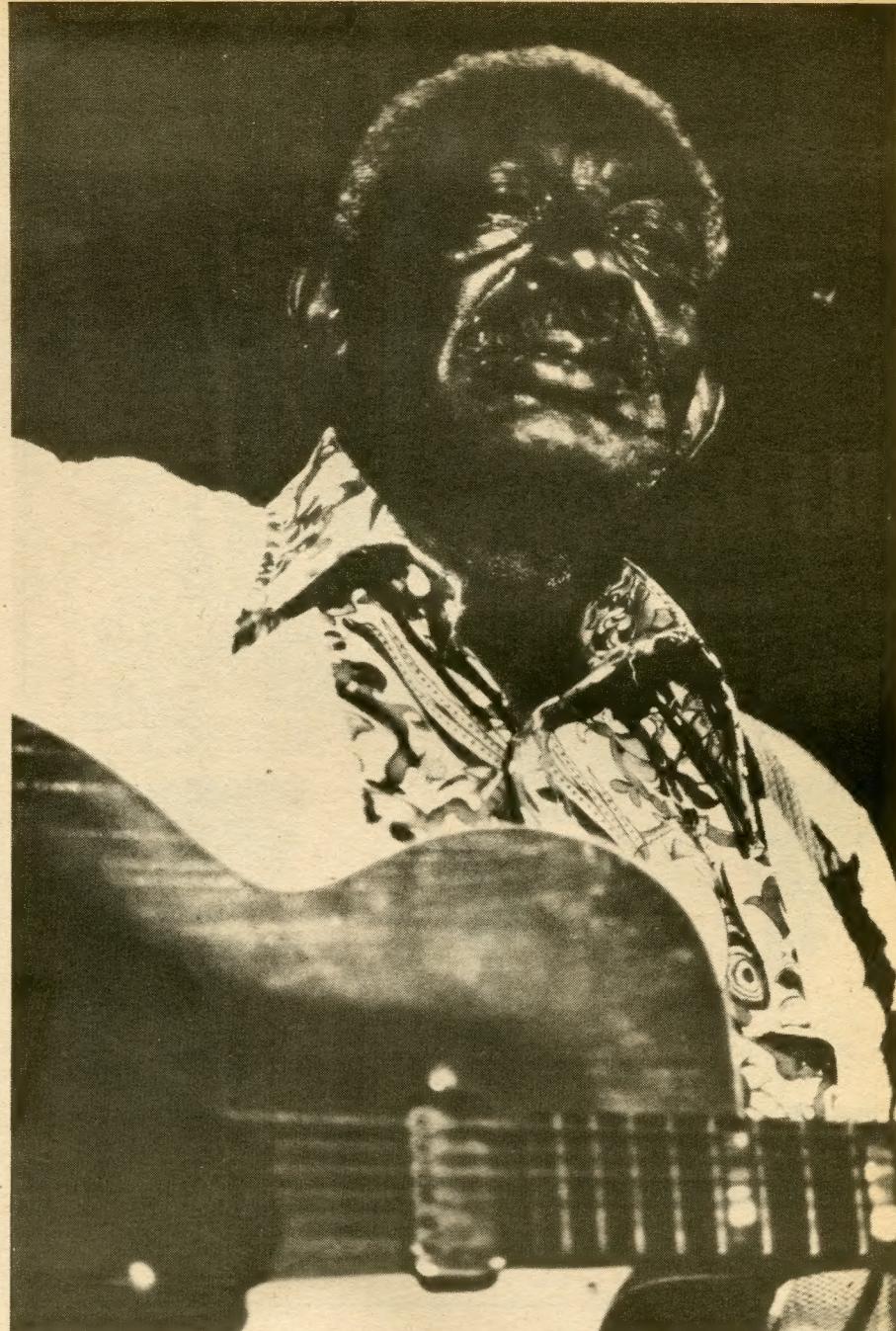
But as good as Little Feat was, it was Bonnie Raitt who unified the proceedings Saturday night. After running through several numbers with her bass player Freebo — "Give It Up or Let Me Go," "You Got to Know How," "Love Has No Pride" — she was joined by George, Payne and Hayward of Little Feat for a cooking version of "Love Me Like a Man" setting the stage for Crudup, who came on and galvanized the audience.

A legendary bluesman, Crudup lives now in southern Virginia and is still an active per-

former, playing usually with his two sons. He has performed her occasionally in Washington at the Childe Harold. But it's not often that he gets a reception like the one he received at Georgetown; on the other hand, it's not often a crowd gets the kind of goods he was delivering. Crudup ran through five songs, with Raitt helping out on Mississippi National and George, Payne, Hayward, and Freebo providing backup. They finished with Crudup's classic, "That's All Right, Mama" and "Since I Lost My Baby" — Bonnie singing a duet with Arthur on the latter. It is musicians like Bonnie Raitt who constantly strive to bring a little in the way of just recognition to bluesmen such as Crudup, who have toiled far too long in dime-a-dance joints while others have been cashing in on his songs. Believe me, the experience of watching and listening to Crudup roaring through "That's All Right, Mama" with the combined slide guitars of George and Raitt whining beautifully behind him while a handful of euphoric people looked on entranced is one I'm not likely to soon forget.

By the time Better Days took the stage it was almost midnight and a lot of folks were wondering out loud if it were possible for anything to match what they'd just heard. Well, they didn't have to wait long to find out. Better Days, now in the middle of its first tour together, has reportedly been coming around slowly as a live band, but on Saturday night they were very much together. The group has a much different sound than the old Butterfield Blues Band, a reflection, no doubt, of the changes Butter has gone through since moving from Chicago to Woodstock. Geoff Muldaur, an old Jim Kweskin Jug Band-er, now does a lot of the vocals and Amos Garrett is on lead guitar. But Butterfield's harp work is still frighteningly good when he's as on as he was at Georgetown. And the old raunchy voice can still drive rivets. Most of Better Days' set consisted of songs from their new album, like "New Walkin' Blues," "Highway 28," "Buried Alive in the Blues," and "Please Send Me Somebody to Love."

If the concert had a disappointment, it was that Butter did not come out and jam with Crudup and Raitt. Apparently, he was asked to, but begged off, saying he just wasn't prepared for such an occasion. Too bad, but only a minor point. I've been going to rock concerts in and around the area for more years than I care to say, but I'd be hard-pressed to remember one that provided so much good music. When Little Feat was introduced the audience was told it was lucky to be there. No hype, just the truth — and good music. We were lucky.



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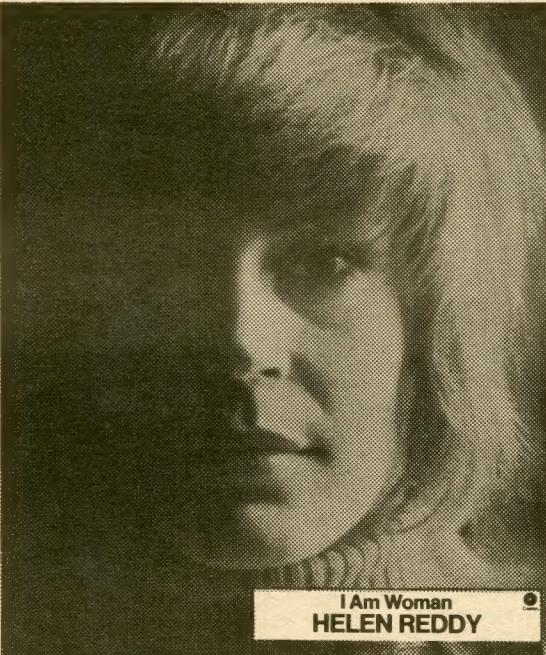
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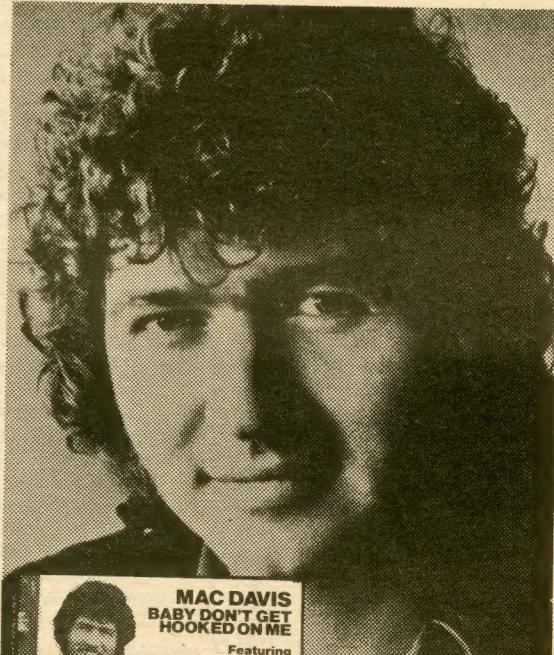
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PERFORMANCE

ENEMIES —
Arena Stage

Reviewed by Jay Alan Quantrill

How do you capture the maelstrom of social change on a stage? How do you communicate the turmoil and upheaval that are the direct result of the confrontation of opposing ideologies? Should you use sweeping strokes of bold color and striking design with dazzling theatrics? Or should you sue the intense particular, the niggling details in a disintegrating civilization that breed tension and distrust and hatred and ultimately violence? This was Maxim Gorky's problem as he approached the writing of *Enemies*. Unfortunately, Gorky tried to do it all and failed. Not badly, but failed. There is so much that is not in *Enemies* of one approach in order to accommodate the matter of the other approach that neither takes hold and carries the audience along.

Enemies presents the story of a small town plant owner, Zakhar Bardin, who is educated, well-off, and disposed to kindness. His partner is a hard-hearted business man who knows how to handle his workers: dictatorially. Bardin creates an atmosphere for revolt by demonstrating a sense of understanding in his dealings with his workmen who are at the bottom of the social scale. They have nothing to lose, so with the help and guidance of the socialists they ask for more and more and ultimately they are in complete revolt. The police, then the army, then the state security forces are brought in, and it is evident that a decadent social system has reached the point of desperation in its fight for survival. The large cast of characters is beautifully orchestrated as the author attempts to detail the human causes for the oncoming cataclysm from all sides of the issue. It is a well thought-out, but dramatically unsuccessful attempt to capture that maelstrom of civil strife I mentioned. The portraits of the variety of Russian characters are so numerous — as are the causes, according to Gorky — that no one play can encompass them all and still remain fair to every point of view. Therein lies Gorky's dilemma. Had he allowed himself only one point of view, instead of so many, he would have succeeded in drama. As it is, he succeeds only in his appraisal, in his attempt at truth — but such truth does not always equal good drama.

The production of *Enemies* at the Arena is one of the most uneven in quite a while. Certainly, it is the least balanced, the least satisfying of this season! The acting as a whole is below the quality we have come to expect from this prestigious company.

Diane Weiss, Gene Gross and Ken Ruta, out of the veritable legions of performers seemed to fulfill their assigned roles. In many instances, the writing was the problem: Gorky was accurate in his sketching of political positions for the different characters but failed to bring them alive. Part of the problem is that the style of the writing is dated. But whatever, I found Ken Ruta, the perennially drunk brother of Bardin, to be the most moving and successfully realized performance. Gene Gross played the hard-hearted partner to the hilt and made him a character to remain with you throughout the performance. I do wish, however that Mr. Gross and Richard Bauer, for that matter, could learn to use their voices with greater versatility. Both have very distinct patterns of speech which require additional work to be overcome when playing different roles. This is something which Howard Witt valiantly attempted to do, not only vocally, but in total, and deserves some credit for the results. But I was never able to quite believe he was as weak and indeterminate as the character required. Lesli Cass played the partner's wife fairly well, but would have been better suited in the role of Bardin's wife. And, oddly enough, Dorothea Hammond, playing Bardin's wife, would have made a striking wife for the partner. They should just exchange roles, perhaps? But then, it's not my place to cast the show, only to tell you that you will find many performances impossible to believe in, and that's serious!

The direction never seems to come to grips with the Arena stage setting, thus some people miss important moments, while others are blocked from view for whole sequences. In fact, there were a couple of moments when only the lighting men directly over the stage would have been able to clearly see what was happening. It's a problem inherent in the concept of the script. I feel a special adaptation, something like the work of Arthur Miller did on Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, would better serve the whole venture.

For what it's worth, you do have a chance see Gorky's *Enemies*. It is both timely and interesting. It isn't a boring evening, you

really won't suffer, make no mistake about it. But you won't be able to get more than a sneaking suspicion of what Gorky was really trying to capture. I'm sure he felt it, and understood it. He just didn't get it across to everybody else.

NO, NO, NANETTE
National Theatre

Ever since *No, No, Nanette* opened on Broadway some two years ago, the nostalgia craze has been having its ups and downs, but mostly ups. Washingtonians are just about the last in the country to see it; but we've had our share of nostalgia. Besides *Irene*, a current hit on Broadway, and *Grease*, another one, we had a non-professional production of a 50's musical that ran for about six months. But now, with *No, No, Nanette* to play for six weeks, we get a chance to see what started all the hoopla.

No, No, Nanette is a 1925 concoction that has been staged with undue reverence for the past, almost ignoring the present — except, that is, in its appetite for the good old days. Well, for my money, if this is how the good old days were, I'll take today. Sure, there are a few singable songs: I'm still humming "I Want to Be Happy" and "Tea for Two," they're really catchy tunes; the thing Tin Pan Alley used to be famous for. I had to laugh, five or six times, at the antics of Ann B. Davis who is playing the role Patsy Kelly did in New York. But other than that, the play is little more than a TV variety show. In fact, some of Carol Burnett's spoof-musical productions are better

A word about Don Ameche! This man has class and talent, and experience, and it all shows — constantly!! For all the gleaming smiles and scrubbed faces and top tapping shoristers, Don Ameche gave more in the scenes he played than most of the other had to give. One young lady, Charlene Mathies, brought to the perennial role of the bosomy flirt a sense of genuineness which also stood out, particularly in such a stock role. And then Lanie Nelson's voice deserved better than the "Where-Has-My-Hubbie-Gone-Blues," though she gave it 200 percent. Add it up. A sappy non-story, two good songs and sundry ditties, a highly scrubbed, beaming and hardworking chorus, Ann B. Davis and Don Ameche — that's Washington's *No, No, Nanette*, two years later. And it's selling like the proverbial hotcakes. No, No, Nanette, and I tend to agree!

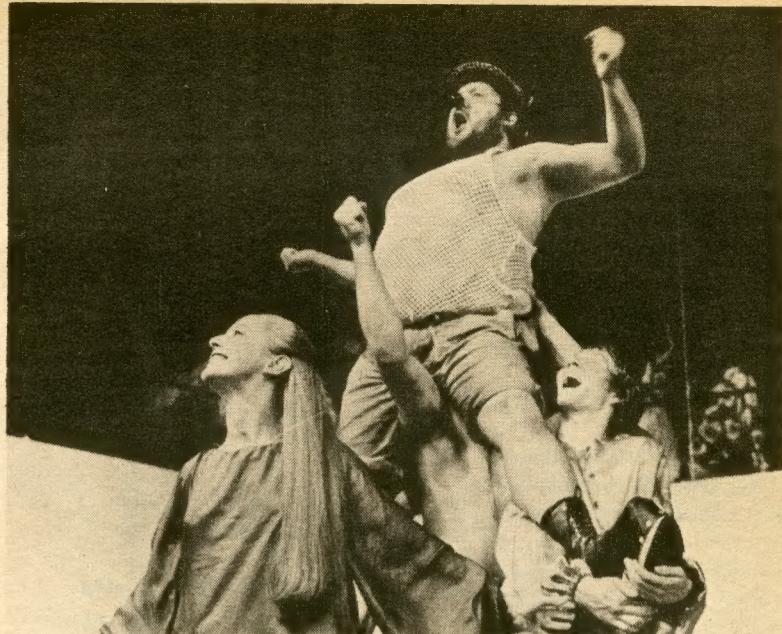
J.A.Q.

A MIDSUMMERNIGHT'S DREAM
Eisenhower Theatre

If you are interested in seeing a brilliantly conceived and superbly performed production of classical theatre, rush to the Kennedy Center and see if you can scoop up the last few remaining tickets for *A Midsummernight's Dream* as presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company of England. To say it is a stunning piece of theatre is to be very precise! So many of the directorial decisions are so right; so many of the sequences are played for their greatest dramatic value; so much is dazzling and captivating, that one is moved to conclude that Shakespeare has been at last realized in terms of the theatre of the 70's.

No one need go expecting to be bored to tears; some moments are less than dazzling, but more by contrast than by any lack of value. It is at once a bawdy, poetic, sometimes formal, often romping setting of Shakespeare's most delightful fantasy, and only late in the evening do we begin to really miss the fantasy, the enchantment. The production seems to have been conceived in modern technological images not unlike the physical presentation of *A Clockwork Orange*. So much so that little, if any, of the traditional values are there, except in the dialogue. Eventually, I began to miss this aspect; and, coupled with the fact that some moments are stretched for a meaning that remains enigmatic, I must admit to reservations in some regards. However, the overall effect is awe-inspiring and leaves a most stimulating and indelible impression on one's artistic sensibilities. In a phrase, it's a mind blower! And not too far out for anyone.

Only two members of the cast failed to captivate me. The first was the actor playing Puck, the sprite who is the mischievous errand boy of the powerful sprite Oberon. Puck comes across more like Ranger Hal's cohort, a sort of Chip-chip-chip-ermonkie, than a cunning and clever spirit who revels in his power to play with the affections of "what fools these mortals be." It's a part Mickey Rooney made much of, and one which deserves careful interpretation. But in this production, Puck falls flat on his spritely little noggin. The only other acting problem is in the lack of conviction in Helena, the unloved damsel who ends up



A *Midsummernight's Dream* — Gemma Jones, Barry Stanton, Anthony Meyer (L - R) at the Eisenhower Theatre, Kennedy Center.

with both men running after her. Love potion or no, I wouldn't have run after this young lady for all the powers that be. In this case, I lay the fault at the feet of the actress, not the director. She needs to believe herself more, so that we can, too.

I wouldn't ruin the visual impact by describing a single detail of the production, let it hit you cold. But try, try hard as you can to go! It's only in town three weeks, and the tickets are almost gone. I assure you, you will see Shakespeare as few have produced it!

J.A.Q.

SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE —
Washington Theatre Club

The latest production of the WTC is a sociological revue. The script consists of a collection of vignettes portraying scenes from the life of middle and upper-middle class America in a basically suburban existence, over a period stretching from the Depression to the very late 20th Century. The production has been directed by Steve Aaron, the producing director of the company, with a cast of eight performers who are exceptional in their ability to play more than a score of roles. The overall impact of the evening is best described as thought provoking. It is not the most exciting piece of theatre in the world, it is a well-performed, well-staged evening worth looking but don't rush.

The biggest problem with the show is inherent in the writing. A.R. Gurney, who is the author, has compiled a group of telling and observant scenes. He has projected American society into a future which is tinged with Orwellian repression and found its roots in the historical perspective of events dating at least from the depression of the 30's, but he suggests that the origins are further back in time. This all sounds appropriate enough, but too many of the parts are superior to the whole so that the impact is fragmented and left to make its way on its entertainment value alone, too often! There are some exceptionally fine moments, some beautifully played, some not so beautifully played, but for the most part the author has not given us a line of development to follow and the fine moments hang like so many bright baubles separated from each other and thus failing to impress us and carry us along.

The second act is far superior to the first in the development of the individual scenes, yet that doesn't quite make it all work.

The production is very simple, austere would even be a good word. This is not inappropriate to a work of this nature, but I submit that a more visually exciting and engaging production might help to bring the parts together into a totality that would give us the desired impact. But the problem still goes back to the author. His writing is observant, but not perceptive; he is clever, but not inspired; he is crafty, but lacking in flair. You may not feel these are required for *Scenes from American Life*, and I'm not sure they are, but they might help!

The actors are a credit to the Theatre Club. If nothing else, Steve Aaron has shown an ability to gather fine performers for the shows under his control. And he has, for the most part, used them well. They are all worth mention, but most particularly Mimi Norton Sallmanca, Karen Shallo (who was observed to use schtick when she should have been using intensity, but who is still a delight to see), and Justin Taylor who showed versatility, as did Micki Hartnett. Laurinda Barrett, Oliver Malcolson, Ronn Robinson, and Art Vasil complete the cast.

Scenes from American Life will not enchant you, it's not supposed to; but it is a play which Washingtonians deserve the opportunity to see. For this the WTC should be

thanked. Every important work is not great theatre, its importance can lie in its ability to convey its theme. Therein *Scenes from American Life* succeeds. As for a great important piece of theatre, we're still waiting.

J.A.Q.

THE BREAST OF TIRESIAS and HUMULUS THE MUTE
Georgetown THEATREWORKS, Grace Church

Reviewed by Perry Schwartz
The Breast of Tiresias is considered historically as one of the first and most effective pieces of surrealistic theatre, immediately preceded only by Jarry's *Ubu Roi*. It is interesting and exciting from an historical point of view that we have seen productions of both of these plays in Washington over the past year. Their importance in the development of non-realistic theatre experimentation is undeniable. One must, however, ask why these two pieces, in light of all the better experimental works available. Although both are entertaining, neither is particularly profound or enlightening at this point in theatre development. One must strat somewhere, I guess.

It is from an historical perspective that I take exception to Georgetown Theatreworks' production of *Tiresias*. Appollinaire, in his prologue to the play — which was not performed in this production — tells us both the style he advocates for theatre and the theme of the play. The style is to involve theatricality, music, absurdity and non-logic. The theme is "make babies, oh Frenchman, you that made war before." This is a direct reference to a lack of population growth after World War I. This production completely altered the theme of the play. In fact, they attempted to do it as a feminist piece. *Tiresias'* first line of this production was, "I am a feminist." This line does not appear in the original script. Also, they altered the style rather drastically. They attempted to create a certain logic out of the intended non-logic and absurdity of the script. The logic of the situation was based around having the various unrelated activities of the play develop out of the activities taking place in a street where individuals are going about their business of life. This led to the most effective aspects of the production — the acting and some interesting direction and ensemble invention. Particularly convincing were Lily Rusek as a Matron, Sharon Sauerbrunn as an extremely energetic *Tiresias*, Peter Magee as the Husband and Paul Hastings as a derelict *Presto* and delightful *Reporter*. The direction by Laura Schultz Hasting was disciplined but not terribly exciting. I assume she was responsible for creating the atmosphere for the ensemble invention. However, some of the vocal sound things and group physicalizations seemed grafted onto the play to the point of distraction.

The second short piece, *Humulus the Mute*, is a rather gone one-line joke which lasts about 20 minutes. Once again, Paul Hastings created a character of no small dimension displaying a marvelous sense of facial and body mobility. Karen Lewis's *Duchess* was very funny but could not have sustained itself through another scene.

The setting for both plays utilized an acceptable, rather pleasing abstract arrangement of painted set pieces. The Grace Episcopal Church space is limiting, but used perhaps to its best advantage. Finding space to perform is a problem and for that the church is to be thanked.

This group is newly formed and will do another production in May. The importance of the continuation of the Theatreworks as an experimental theatre cannot be overstated, in spite of this modest beginning.

AT THE MOVIES

CESAR AND ROSALIE

Reviewed by Alex Ward

After *Jules and Jim* and *The Pizza Triangle*, a tendency to yawn at the idea of another film about a three-sided love affair is quite understandable, but in light of *Cesar and Rosalie*, hardly justifiable. Though it has neither the total freshness nor firm impact of the other two, this lively creation of French filmmaker Claude Sautet has a bundle of charm, and lots more to recommend it.

Cesar and Rosalie is most likeable for the straightforward and compelling manner in which it traces the relationship of three fiercely strong-willed people, and because it never loses its humor or believability along the way. The acting is first-rate as well, especially Yves Montand as the ebullient, self-made scrap-metal magnate, Cesar. In spite of his lead-footed, often tactless — but almost always loveable — ways, Cesar is the film's dominant figure.

Cesar and Rosalie (Romy Schneider), a divorcee with a five-year-old daughter, are lovers, and quite contented ones at the outset. But their situation is complicated when David (Sami Frey), an old boyfriend of Rosalie's, turns up at her mother's wedding and immediately makes clear his intentions of winning her back. This sparks off a series of give-and-take struggles between the two men; Rosalie, in love with both of them and unable to make up her mind about either, is catapulted from one to the other until the strain becomes too great for her and she leaves them both.

By that time, what had begun as a competition between two people for the affections of a third, has developed into a fateful interdependency among all three and only Rosalie seems to understand it. Cesar, at first outraged and violent when Rosalie leaves him for David, wins her back by turning on his effusive charm. But after doing so he realizes that Rosalie's feelings are deeply divided: she loves him but she misses David. So Cesar scurries off to David and talks him into setting up a *menage a trois* (with assorted other of Rosalie's relatives) at the beach. Ironically, out of this arrangement grows a steady respect and admiration between the two men, but Rosalie begins to feel stifled and finally packs up her daughter and her belongings and departs.

The effect of Cesar on David and Rosalie, who are intellectually more attuned to each other than they are to him, is interesting. David and Rosalie are decidedly individualistic, but quiet and aesthetic; Cesar, on the other hand, is open and visceral and tends to wear his emotions on his sleeve. He is irresistably attractive to both of the others.

Cesar and Rosalie closes with a typical bit of French ambiguity. In the wake of Rosalie's departure, David and Cesar become firm friends, seeing each other quite often. Several years later, after living abroad for a while, David comes back to visit Cesar and while the two men sit discussing plans for a hunting trip to England, who should come back but

Rosalie, with god knows what intentions, but looking pretty friendly all the same. The only conclusion I could draw is that it somehow seemed the perfect final touch.

THE LONG GOODBYE

The Long Goodbye is a travesty. My sensibilities are ready to withstand almost anything, but Elliot Gould as a fumbling, mumbling Philip Marlowe in this dim-witted "satire" of the Raymond Chandler novel is just too much. Not that I am for a minute against parody, even of a writer as literate as Chandler (of whom I am an ardent devotee); but this sophomoric rendering is so far off the mark that it ends up saying a great deal more about the people who made it than the subjects it purportedly spoofs. And what it says is not taken kindly here.

As portrayed by Gould, the 1973 model Marlowe is an unkempt slob who talks to himself, smokes too much and can't hold his liquor. He drives a vintage Packard, owns a cat and lives in a Hollywood hilltop house next door to a pack of lesbians who cavort semi-nude on their balcony. When one of them asks him over for brownies, Marlowe cleverly replies, "No thanks, they hurt my teeth." With that snappy bit of repartee I think the sound of Raymond Chandler stirring in the great beyond was audible.

Bad at it is, however, Gould's performance can be much more easily sloughed off than can Robert Altman's woefully misguided direction. Until this film, Altman had a fine track record going for himself; *M.A.S.H.* and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* were both imaginative and innovative, if not masterful, movies and *Images*, which has not yet played in Washington, has been generally well-received critically. But it's difficult to believe the man who masterminded those superb operating room sequences in *M.A.S.H.* could be given over to such elephan-tine touches in *The Long Goodbye* as having Marlowe (now in 1973, remember) use safety matches which he lights on bartops, windows, and anything else handy, and order ginger ale with his whiskey, har har. And he keeps sprinkling that dreadful theme song in every available nook and cranny, of which there are many.

Altman saves his heavy artillery until the ending, which I have no qualms about giving away. Gould tracks down a man believed to be dead, the same man whose honor he has spent the whole film defending, and kills him — something the real Philip Marlowe, of course, would never do. Then he blithely skips off down a long, tree-shaded road reminiscent of the one Alida Valli exits on in *The Third Man* (take that, Graham Greene!) playing "Hooray for Hollywood" on a dime-store harmonica. It was all so cutesy I very nearly fwew up. For their efforts on this film, Gould and Altman deserve to be buried under a truckload of Ed McBain novels.

One more thing: *The Long Goodbye* marks the screen debut of Nina Van Pallandt.

A.W.

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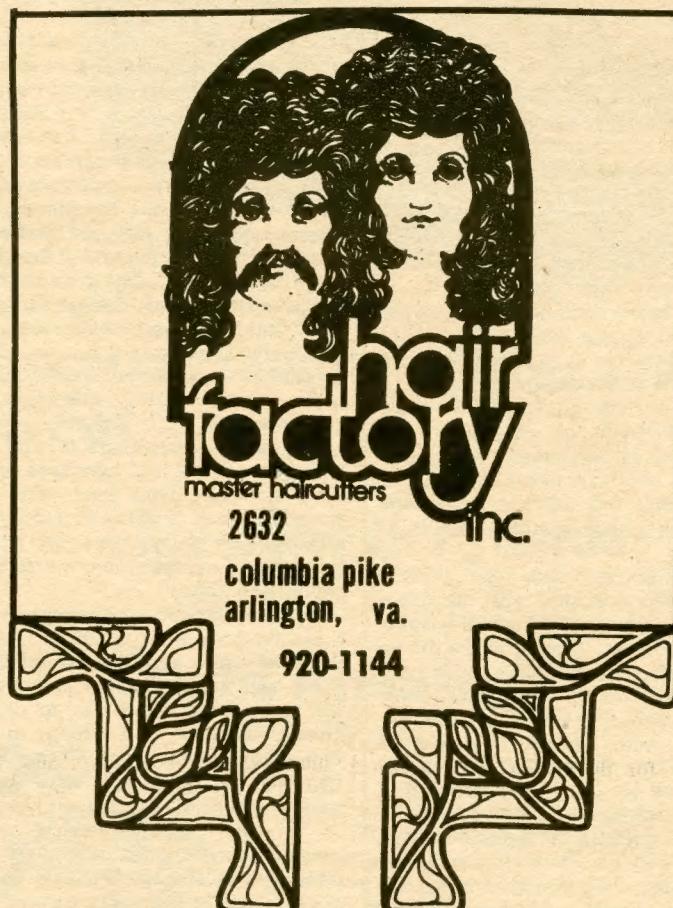
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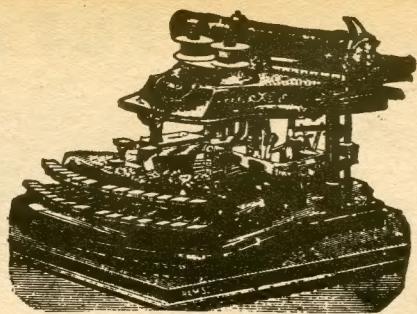
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BOOKS



BLACKBERRY WINTER: *My Early Years*, by Margaret Mead, Wm. Morrow, 304 pp., \$8.95, (cloth).

WAITING FOR THE MORNING TRAIN: *An American Boyhood*, by Bruce Catton, Doubleday, 253 pp., \$7.95 (cloth).

Reviewed by Richard Harrington

Without a doubt, Margaret Mead ranks as one of the most accomplished anthropologists in the world. She has achieved that distinction through a combination of the pioneering spirit needed to encourage a new science and a brilliant creative talent that has transformed her 20 or so anthropological works from simple knowledge into elucidation.

Consequently, she is a tremendous example of a successful human being. Though the tendency is to see her as a woman who has done well in a male-dominated field, it is better to discover her as a person who was absolutely influenced and affected by her womanhood, but whose strengths were entirely personal. By so doing, one is not blocking out her experience, but rather, in turn, learning from her some very essential things about human nature.

This process has been made easier, because Mead has recently published what one hopes is only the first volume of her autobiography. This particular volume deals with her life up to World War II, a period during which she had already done much of her great work (particularly in Bali, New Guinea and Samoa).

Mead was lucky in her allocation of parents, particularly the women. Her paternal grandmother and her own mother instilled in her an original reasoning. "The two women I knew best were mothers and had professional training. So I had no reason to doubt that brains were suitable for a woman. And as I had my father's kind of mind — which was also my mother's — I learned that the mind is not sex-typed."

Her grandmother was to influence Mead even more than her mother. She was certainly the closest relationship developed in the years with which this volume deals, so much so that she later finds a need for a new denomination of time, a human unit which will be the space "between a grandfather's memory of his own childhood and a grandson's knowledge of those memories as he heard about them. We speak a great deal about a human scale: we need also a human unit with which to think about time."

A great portion of the book deals necessarily, with her graduate work and her first field expeditions. "My decision to become an anthropologist was based in part on my belief that a scientist, even one who had no great and special gift such as a great artist must have, could make a useful contribution to knowledge." She also felt that the progress of civilization was encroaching rapidly on her fields of study. "The work of recording these unknown ways of life had to be done now — now — or they would be lost forever." So, off she went to Samoa, then to New Guinea, then to Bali — and the world of anthropology was ultimately enriched by her explorations.

Mead's memoirs are warm ("I spent one of the pleasantest hours of my life discussing with [a psychologist] my mother's Rorschach, in which she discerned, disentangled from the chiaroscuro shadows, rare and tiny images, tinkling beads and kissing children."). They are candid in talking about growing up, schooling, three marriages, the first field trips — all the while explaining, dissecting, re-examining particular growth patterns.

This book is a joy to read — a vivid, clearly directed writing style lets the years pass by almost too quickly. *Blackberry Winter* is that rare kind of autobiography that one wishes were at least twice as long. Margaret Mead continues to teach us about ourselves by telling us about her self.

Civil War historian-novelist Bruce Catton also recreates his childhood, but his book is thematically light years away from Mead's. Where Mead builds upon her formative years and assimilates her experiences graciously, Catton stores the disappointments, the disillusionments, the negatives. He is too much like the child for whom things did not turn out as planned, who then becomes the cynical, occasionally bitter adult. This cynicism pervades Catton's memoir to the point of instilling a fatalism that the events of his life should not be held responsible for.

Specifically, his remembrances of his father take on a fatalism and sadness that far exceed their needs. The fact that his father's dreams and ambitions were never to be suc-

cessfully realized, coupled with an inexorably spreading cancer, could obviously knock away at Catton's sense of faith, but once down, Catton never seems to have really gotten up much further than his knees.

That position, of course, was suitable for the religious experience of growing up in Benzon, Michigan, a town "put there by men who believed that there was going to be a future, and who built for it. When they looked about them, they saw people instead of trees. They believed in the competence and benevolent intent of Divine Providence, and with certain reservations they had faith in the men through whom the purpose of Providence was to be worked out." The community of Benzon remained small through Catton's childhood, but all around "civilization" reared its progressive head.

One of the persistent themes of the book is the encroachment of technology, new cultural processes, the invasion of non-religious and perhaps non-directional thought into what — for Catton — could have been and should have been an idyllic land. This particular thought process is not new, and it is perhaps more popular today than at any recent time, but Catton's treatment of it is little more than childishly petulant.

Beyond these recurring elements of resentment, the book is an instructive fragment of time and place, and we very much need to know and understand the past, particularly the recent past, if we are to develop any growth concepts as a nation. In the very first chapter of his book, Catton deals with transition yet, ultimately, he seems to not want to absorb what he himself has observed.

"... We live as the Indians... lived, between cultures, compelled to readjust ourselves to forces that will not wait for us. There is no 20th Century culture; the 20th Century is simply a time of transition, and the noise of things collapsing is so loud that we are taking the prodigious step from the 19th Century to the 21st without a moment of calm in which we can see where we are going. Between 19th Century and 21st Century there is a gulf as vast as the one the stone-age Indians had to cross. What's our problem? We're Indians."

CARAVAN OF LOVE AND MONEY
by Thomas King Forcade; Signet, 128 pp., \$9.95, (paper).

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

In this short but not undetailed book, the author, a former head of the Underground Press Syndicate and White Panther Party leader, describes a by-now-forgotten event, a cross-country "caravan" of assorted freaks, musicians and hangers-on in the summer of 1970, a happening for the express purpose of making a movie (and some money) for Warner Brothers.

The trip was probably doomed from the start. Largely engineered by San Francisco rock radio entrepreneur Tom Donahue, the "Medicine Ball Caravan," as it was known, met a number of hassles — many were internal, many were also caused by Forcade, who travelled the whole route separately to observe/participate/fuck things up — and the only thing to ever come out of the whole mess was a soundtrack album that nobody ever listened to and a film which opened and died in New York City on the same day.

The conflict here is between the profit-motivated, apolitical aims of Warner Brothers-Donahue and the highly political Forcade, who believed Warners to be "ripping off the counter-culture" by reaping the benefits of album sales and movie grosses that would result from people wanting to see and hear the "free concerts." Forcade came out better in the end, it seems. He sounds like he had a good time, he managed to cause some trouble for the Caravaneers, and he has the satisfaction of knowing the film was a Grade A bomb.

It is doubtful, though, whether the book will have much impact, because there aren't that many people who give a shit about something that happened two years ago, that's of little consequence today. What happened cannot be easily dismissed, and it's important that it was a failure — but Forcade's book is no wild success either.

While I was reading it I kept feeling "this would have been much more effective as a magazine article," and right after I finished reading it it dawned on me that "He did write an article on it, dammit!" Searching through my old copies of *Fusion*, I came upon

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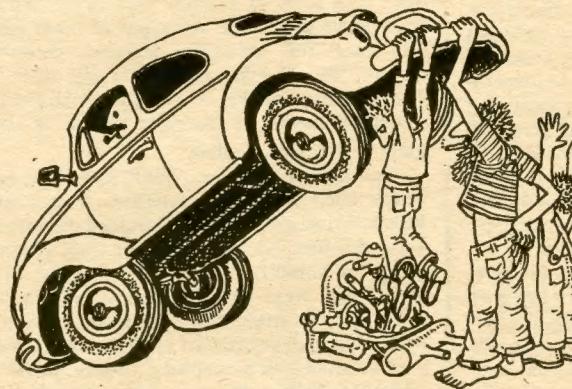
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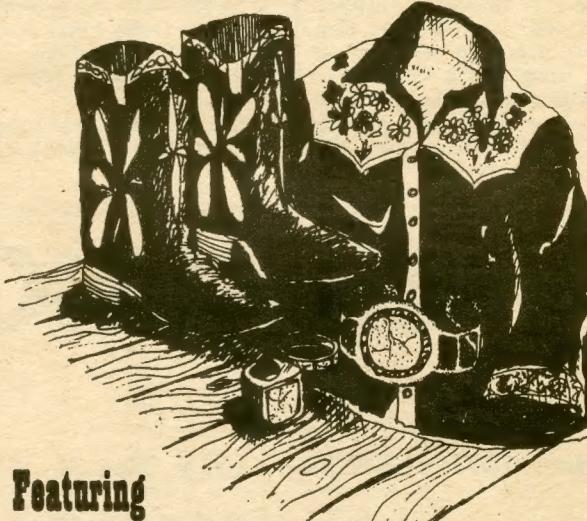
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an article titled, coincidentally, "Caravan of Love and Money," authored by, coincidentally, Tom Forcade, in the November 27, 1970 issue. The piece was five pages long and was basically a highly streamlined version of this book.

The thing about this book is, despite its brevity Forcade makes his point very early and hammers it into you the rest of the way. The rest is details and some things which may not even be true. He spends so much time letting us know how ripped he was always getting on various drugs that he may have even imagined some of the groovier things. Besides that, the tone is so heavily cynical that you almost come to dislike him as much as some of the people he is putting down.

Despite the numerous flaws in *Caravan*, (the fictional first chapter was a mistake, getting things off to a bad start), there are some good spots, like his description of Stoneground's marathon performance at the Boulder concert; his visit to the Hog Farm; and the stoned suggestions for magazine article titles he and *Village Voice* writer Ron Rosenbaum came up with. Samples: "You're Either on the Winnebago or off the Winnebago," "Three Weeks of Violence and Music," and the "Electric Kool-Aid Half-Acid Test."

If you've got a spare dollar and a few spare hours and enjoy reading this sort of thing, you'll probably like it, taking it with the necessary grains of salt. But you can easily live without it.

AFTER THE GOOD WAR: A Love Story
by Peter Bragg, Stein & Day, \$6.95, (cloth).

Reviewed by Betsy Daniels

I once asked Peter Bragg discouragingly why all novels seemed to dwell on tragedy and unhappiness. Why, I asked, don't people ever write about happy things? "I'm going to write a book about love," he said. And he indeed has.

But *After the Good War* is not the ordinary sentimental love story its cover suggests. It deals with the real parts of love that novelists rarely talk about: the difficulty of loving, the fears that must be overcome, the courage and strength it takes to love fully. Furthermore, love in the year 112 After the Good War (AGW or 2112 A.D.) is subversive. It must be done in secret, for the ethic of loving goes against all popular morality. Rogar and Gambol are strong, sensitive, independent people. They are not willing to pattern their lives after the authoritarian models of the government officials, but must be careful to present the correct appearance when called upon for an "attitude check." Unlike their fellow bureaucrats, Rogar and Gambol are plagued with the unusual notion that they themselves have a history, that they once were children. It is only with the discovery of their childhood and their rejection of the oppressive training they received that they are able to love each other.

Rogar is convinced that he has Jewish ancestors and, in his search for his Jewish identity, he discovers that the traits common to the Hebrew Disease from which he suffers are not only Guilt, Shame and Anxiety, but also Individualism, the ultimate source of his strength. When he finally discovers the reality of Israel, he rejects its parochialism and takes only its strongest trait: individuality. Rogar constantly tries to hide the signs of the disease from public view for (like all minority groups) there is no place for Jews in the society of Official Beautiful People.

Both Rogar and Gambol are fascinated by the "people who live in the Zoo," the black people. In fact, there is a real sense of envy. They know they are not allowed in the

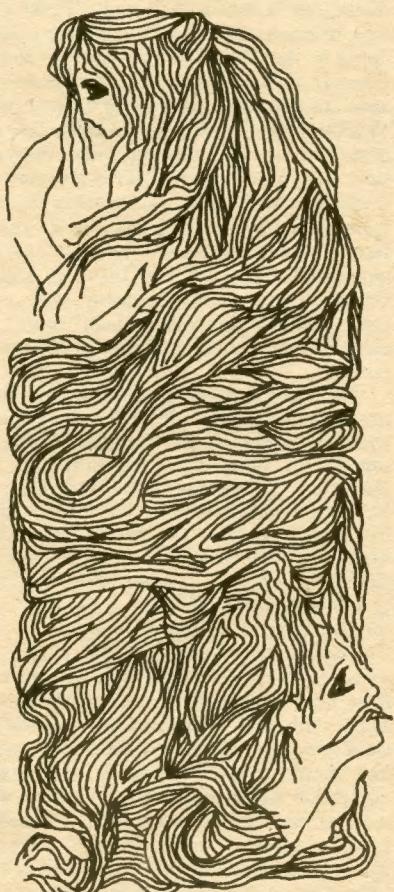
Zoo, and the blacks are locked in. Yet, despite its geographical limitations, there seems to be more freedom in the Zoo. While the world makes love "In the Bag," the blacks make love in the flesh and the Zoo is the only place where there are children. The final identification comes when Rogar goes back to his own childhood and finds a nursery full of bosomy black mammies nursing white babies. Here one finds the symbolic assertion that only the blacks, the oppressed people feared by the "mainstream" have any idea of what it is to have and share feelings.

Emerging from these journals is the message that personal and political issues are intricately related, that one cannot ultimately be free to love until he frees himself from the oppressive forces of society.

The novel projects a futuristic society, but it is quite clearly about today. Its effectiveness as a polemic novel comes not from exaggeration, but from the absurdity of simple reality. Science fiction buffs will enjoy the grotesque technological features, the only real departure from objective reality. The technological imagery serves to reinforce the contrast between real feeling and the impersonal world, and it is done with humor as well. I often found myself not knowing whether to laugh or wince — either way, the message comes through loud and clear. *After the Good War* is a must novel for all of us interested in the most radical revolution of our time: the quest for genuine love.

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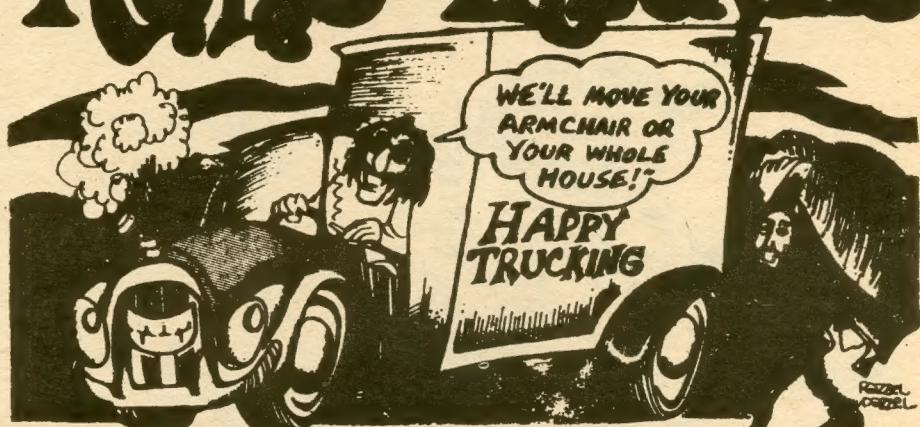
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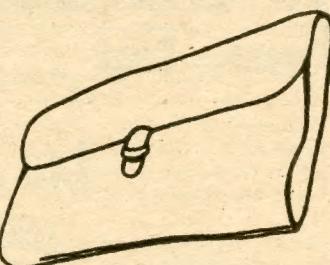
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COUNTERNOTES

DOREMI FASOL LATIDO —
Hawkwind — (United Artists)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

There's no denying that Hawkwind sure is a buncha weird guys. Their minds do not operate like yours or mine. I met someone recently from England who knows them and he described them to me as "ex-cons who take an incredible amount of drugs." Neither of these attributes are particularly earthshaking, separately or together, but Hawkwind has taken these and other factors into their music and hijacked rock's starship to take over the lead in a field once dominated by fellow-Britishers Pink Floyd.

I had intentions of making this a double review, along with Pink Floyd's newest, *Dark Side of the Moon*, but, funny thing, I seem to have a hard time staying awake when that one's on. The Pinks got Lost in Space awhile back, (maybe what they saw out there while recording their first two albums was too much for them) and in the meantime Hawkwind has made Space music much more fun while still keeping it freaky. The difference between late Pink Floyd and Hawkwind is that the latter plays *Space Rock*. You never can forget above all else you're listening to good rock. That rock beat is present most of the time, and they make sure it *throbs* and you can feel it.

The fact that they are a rock group of the first level is best exemplified by a song which, sadly enough, is not included in this LP. "Silver Machine" went to No. 2 on the British singles charts last summer and it's easy to see why. It sounds like what Chuck Berry might be doing in the 70's if he had kept up with the times. It has very simple lyrics which are much easier to take than their usual Cryptic, otherworldly lyrics, which fortunately are more often than not unintelligible under the synthesizer and guitar ravings. "Silver Machine" was released in this country but it seems that most radio stations weren't ready for it. The flip side is "Seven by Seven," another otherwise unreleased song. I'd say that the folks at United Artists would probably send you a copy gratis if you asked them nicely. You can get their address from any of their record covers.

Of Hawkwind's three albums, their best is probably the middle LP, *In Search of Space*, I wrote a rather flippant review of that last summer in these pages, but not long after something possessed me and I started listening to it a lot and it became my favorite album for a week or two. You can tell that Hawkwind liked that album a lot, too, because a big chunk of *Doremi . . .* sounds like it was directly patterned after "Master of the Universe," the ace song of *In Search of Space*. It is the whooshing synthesizer charged sound of a spaceship taking off, and it's often hard to tell if it gets anywhere; the spaceship and the songs. Although "Master of the Universe" is a great song and its little brothers on this album, like "Lord of Light" are good also, it leads to a problem many groups have — songs which tend to run together in the listener's head. It's hard for me to listen to *Doremi . . .* and be able to tell which song is on, except possibly "The Watcher," which is slower, less cluttered and very definitely as eerie as the other songs and has a more pinpointed subject, the spying upon of Earth by alien intelligences. The meaning of this song could be explored further but that would turn out to be self-defeating.

Hawkwind probably does take their Space Consciousness seriously, and if you are into science fiction and/or a lot of acid you may also. I don't mean that to be as nasty as it sounds, but taking them seriously isn't a prerequisite to enjoying their music. I'd have to go along with their doomsday, let's-just-start-somewhere-else logic, brought out in "Time We Left This World Today," on *Doremi . . .* and especially "We Took the Wrong Step Years Ago" and "You Shouldn't Do That" on *In Search of Space*. Their music is so powerful and gut grabbing on its own that the message gets obscured, but I guess that's the breaks.

As good as *Doremi Fasol Latido* is, if I were you I'd get a hold of *In Search of Space* first. Hawkwind is important; it's not often that we get freakiness in such an attractive package, bundled as it is with such nice rock music. We've really got to take off our Space helmets to Hawkwind and hope they stay on course.

THE BLUES MASTERS SERIES —
Various Artists — (Blue Horizon)

Reviewed by Richard Harrington

Blue Horizon has recently released a set of blues albums. The first set consists of 10 LP's and, while I will say just a few words about each specific album, I want to discuss briefly

the overall concept. Most of the artists represented were recorded in 1968, at which time some of them were that proverbial "shadow of their former selves." Each album has an informative set of liner notes (though I wish some other companies would pick up the old Folkways concept of including a little booklet with each album). Two of the albums are re-issues of tracks made in 1958 and '59. Most of the albums are well mixed, with the featured artist out front and center. In a lot of cases, these volumes represent the bluesmen in 1968, and in most cases, this means there have been quite a few changes since the artists reputations and original styles were established. Still, these albums serve as good introductions to the artists represented. One can only hope for similar volumes, and maybe someday album-sets reflecting the artist both at his prime and in his current situation.

Magic Sam never built much of a reputation outside of Chicago's West Side, though in 1969 some things were starting to happen to him, particularly in Europe. But he died at the age of 32, of a heart attack, and the early Cobra tracks on this album are among the few really good ones available. Sam was obviously influenced by the rural bluesmen, but there was a slightly harsher, more pressing drive that reflected his city living and playing. Since Sam was only 20 when most of these tracks were recorded, there is an exuberance and vitality that places the music closer to rhythm and blues than to traditional blues, particularly on Shaky Jake Harris' "Roll Your Money Maker" and "21 Days in Jail." His guitar playing was tight, much closer in feeling to contemporary blues playing, and his singing also reflected his youth. His premature death deprived the bluesword of a truly promising player.

The Elmore James album is disappointing because of mediocre sidemen (unidentified) and the annoying voice and patronizing attitude of the engineer. Also, James just didn't seem to have it in these sessions. He was to die during the sessions and the material on this album does not really do him the justice he deserves.

Bukka White's album is one of the best produced of the set, and at the same time it is possibly the least interesting, mostly because there is plodding sameness to White's playing, particularly when his backup is most simple. Of course, he was almost 60 when these sessions were done, and it's understandable that he had lost some of the fire that marked his early sides. The outstanding exceptions are the old Muddy Waters standard, "Baby Please Don't Go" (which White's reading gives the proper drive to), "Old Man Tom" and "World Boogie." White's gruff, gravelly voice says it all anyways, much better than the music itself.

Furry Lewis' album is the most delightful and possibly the most successful. It's just Furry and his guitar, and whether he's pickin' or sliding, that's all the backup he needs. Additionally, Furry's medicine show background makes his presentation a little more accessible. He was 68 when these sessions took place, but unlike Bukka White, he hardly shows the years. He gives off more energy than people one-third his age. There are quite a few standards, from "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" to "Casey Jones" and "John Henry."

I'd never heard of Mississippi Joe Callicott before, but he turns out to have come from the same medicine show tradition as Furry Lewis and Gus Cannon and Frank Stokes. This LP, recorded about 6 months before his death, finds Callicott in good voice, but very bound by the second guitar of Bill Barth. If Ry Cooder hears "War Time Blues," he's bound to pick up on it, for there is that inventive hint of a strange time signature that is actually little more than holding back just a little before the beat. One of the cuts, "You Don't Know My Mind" is not necessarily familiar in its own right, but its refrain has been one of the staples of a lot of other songs: "When you see me laughing, I'm laughing just to keep from cryin'."

I first saw Johnny Shines at one of the American Folklife Festivals and he struck me as one of the best bottle-neck guitar players I'd either seen or heard. His volume is a good reflection of both his guitar mastery and his shouting delivery. While his influences are Robert Johnson and Charley Patton, Shines also reflects the urban drive, an influence of the Chicago sidemen he kept company with. His four sidekicks on this LP all come from that city's style, and they work tightly to give the music its popular sound. Shines' vocals are outstanding throughout.

The classic cut on Sunnyland Slim's LP is "I Am the Blues" because it captures both his

strong control of the piano and his powerful vocals. Perhaps dictated by the barrelhouse background where he had to play louder than the drinking public he was supposed to entertain. Slim developed a flamboyant right hand and, on several straight barrelhouse cuts, he shows himself to be a match for Memphis Slim and the other piano legends. Sunnyland Slim apparently never did cut it to become a well-known figure in the blues revival, and after hearing this cut you wonder why.

Johnny Young was another of the people I discovered through this set. I'd heard the name, especially since he was one of the few bluesmen to make any extensive use of the mandolin. On this album, he's surrounded himself with three top Chicago bluesmen (Sammy Lawhorn, S.P. Leary and the great Otis Spann on piano) and the result is a very tightly paced set of Young's tunes, from the persistent drive of "My Trainfare out of Town" to the jitterbuggy feeling of many of the other songs. Hearing a mandolin in a blues context is very easy to get used to, and one wonders why it wasn't more popular. (Look for some Mississippi Sheik's albums.)

What was the last LP Mick Taylor made before joining the Rolling Stones? The answer is this Champion Jack Dupree volume. The problem with the album is that it is horribly overproduced (four violins, two flugelhorns? On a blues album?) It's a case of being too slick, and the incessantly boring drummers manage to keep things from ever developing. Taylor's guitar work is pretty good, but Dupree's piano gets lost under that cover. The parts that work best are those with the least obstruction — emphasis on vocals and piano, but not the "orchestration."

The Otis Rush album is one of the two consisting of old Cobra label material. There are some moments of great power, particularly the raw take of "All Your Love." Some of the highlights — besides Rush's generally high energy delivery — are the Ike Turner guitar break on the aforementioned song and sidemen such as Walter Horton, Little Brother Montgomery and the omni-present Willie Dixon on bass (on five of the ten albums). Particularly fun is the swingtime "Violent Love," highlighted by Lucius Washington's tenor break. This is not classic Rush, but it's good Rush.

Bluesway has just re-issued fifteen older rhythm and blues LP's and they deserve some attention, too. More on that in a future issue.

Boogie Man Gonna Get You — Catfish Hodge — Eastbound

Reviewed by Michael Hogan

This is one group that reeks... of potential! Yes folks, dis is de same Hodge dat was a Bob wid de Catfish behind — and God only knows which incarnation this current band is, but He also knows, as do these ears, that Hodge puts together some ver-r-y tight bands and it's guaranteed that when his boys pick up their instruments they're gonna boogie come Hell or weak material.

Oh, did I say weak material? Yeah, I guess I did. This new vehicle of Hodge's picked out some pretty worn boogie toots and pumped them each full of varying levels of energy and and maybe even a couple of spoons of, er, AH-drenalin, shall we say.

Trouble is that it's all but obvious that Catfish and the boys do more than a fair measure of justice to material that, for the most part, should be held in contempt of court. It's not a matter of being afraid to add new flavors to old puddings, just that what they did try — possibly it's only a case of bad judgment on the producer's part — sure didn't come off like it should've.

Such as: on side one's first cut, the attempt to play horn riffs off string riffs fails dismally, falling heavily into that already-over-burdened limbo we refer to as mediocrity.

Yet a little further into the LP they boog-larize a not-so-old Beatles' favorite and churn out a far more gutsy, if not completely successful, four minutes of Lennon's "She's So Heavy" than the fab four ever dreamed of.

Now for the good part. Hodge, whose physical bulk is very deceiving, is in great voice throughout the album — he may even be holding back on occasion because the dude can truly wail when he opens wide. And the band, despite their names being listed right under a group photo, will likely remain one of those anonymous, but powerhouse boogie bands that all but steal the show from headline groups.

And to round out the LP they've saved best cut, a nine-minute narrative/song about da "Boogie Man" until last, which finishes out the disc in a much healthier state than when it began.

Overall, the album cooks even if one of the main ingredients is leftovers. The talent and power is definitely there, but until that mixture links up with some much stronger material and an imaginative producer, Catfish Hodge, along with the Boogie Man, will continue sadly, to fall short of the 100% KILLER BAND reputation they deserve.

RESEARCHING/WRITING

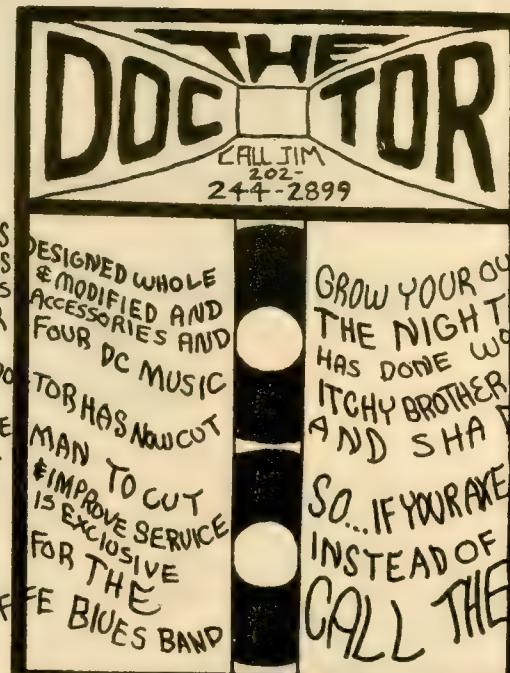
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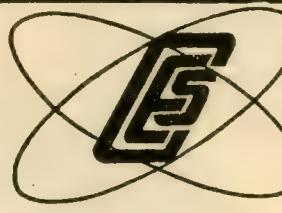
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HOUSES OF THE HOLY — Led Zeppelin — Atlantic

Does it really matter that the fifth one has a title?

Opening with "The Song Remains the Same," the first few bars taste like something from one of your early Loves', particularly the guitar rhythms, and as the tune further evolves, a suspicious mind might additionally ask if the song isn't one they decided to leave off the fourth album.

And to keep things just to the left of starting off on the right foot, "The Rain Song" yields little more than seven-and-a-half unevenly Page/Plant ballad minutes with an instrumental break straight from the more progressive side of, say... Lawrence Welk. What you call 'laid back', huh fellows?

But wait. Things DO pick up a bit, shifting into a quick nifty pacemaker called "The Crunge," confessing loudly to being a pretty straightforward and fairly likeable (1) white, (2) British, and (3) Zeppelinesque Stax/Volt tribute/response sorta thing that "seems" to totally bewilder Plant who by this time is wondering where's the confounded bridge.

I'm definitely convinced now that absolutely no one, except certain tax deduction eligibles, will remain untouched or unchanged by the beautifully infectious Reggae feeling now that the Zep has pulled off a well-kept secret in their "D'yer Mak'er," which title could sound like a few things on its own.

Hopefully, your ears will catch the drift of what mood apparently produced such an unlikely sound from this group. Whatever drew it out of them they carry it off very well indeed, due in part to their collective experience within the musical arena and especially attributable to Page's ear for the technical aspect of gitaring, i.e., the Reggae style of guitar is as distinct in its simplicity as Flamenco is in its complexity — and Page can handle it all.

When Zep hits its peak, with a dramatic finesse only they can produce, overwhelmingly powerful gems like "No Quarter" appear. That 100% level of tension/release — be it mentally frightening and haunting, laced with its own eerie fascination or a purely physical shuddering chill — is the most moving of targets and Led Zeppelin is one of the very, very few bands to shoot as tight a pattern as close to dead center as they have with songs like "Dazed and Confused," "Whole Lotta Love," "Stairway to Heaven," and "When the Levee Breaks," each with its own personality, yet each marked with indelible Zeppelin characteristics.

What becomes of it all is an album that again contains a share of their very best, along with tunes that somewhat makeup for their lack of Zeppelin originality with generous helpings of Zeppelin intensity — an album that won't leave the old fans behind yet provides enough goodies for them to grow on, as well as attract all those new fans just waiting out there for something tasty to bite into this Spring.

M.H.

STEVE KUHN — LIVE IN NEW YORK — (Cobblestone)

This is a slightly pretentious, obviously over-reaching and definitely derivative album by a pianist who has at times played with Art Farmer, Stan Getz and John Coltrane. Getz I can believe, because most of the music is bossa-nova-ish. But Coltrane? Kuhn doesn't show anything on this album to approach that man's class. His sidemen are equally bland, and to make things worse, Kuhn occasionally sings poorly-written ballads with ridiculously overwrought titles like "The Saga of Harison Crabfeathers" or "Thoughts of a Gentleman." At best this comes off as cocktail music for an intellectuals bar. As creative jazz or avant garde or progressive, it doesn't cut the mustard.

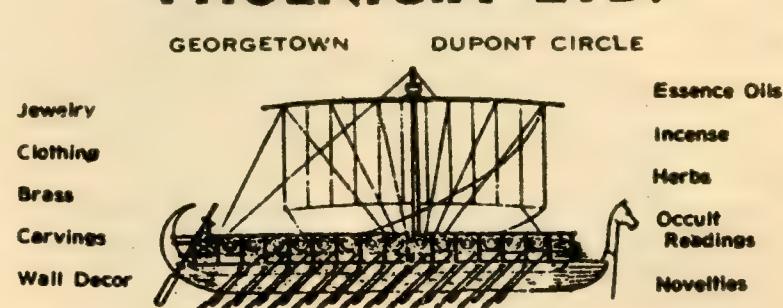
R.H.

CONTRAST — Neal Creque — (Cobblestone)

Unfortunately, this is not enough of a contrast, but it is an immeasurable improvement on the Kuhn album. [See above.] Creque is also directed towards various keyboards (piano, electric piano, clavinet, organ) and his style is quite fluid and accessible. But the album sounds like the soundtrack to the sequel of some recent black thriller — only all the mellow parts that were left out of the movie are on this album. Basically, it is a question of orchestration. As opposed to the Kuhn album, this one is quite enjoyable and several cuts (all originals by Creque) are quite excellent, particularly "All This World Has to Offer." It would benefit Creque to work within a narrower format because his considerable skill is less noticeable in its present surroundings.

R.H.

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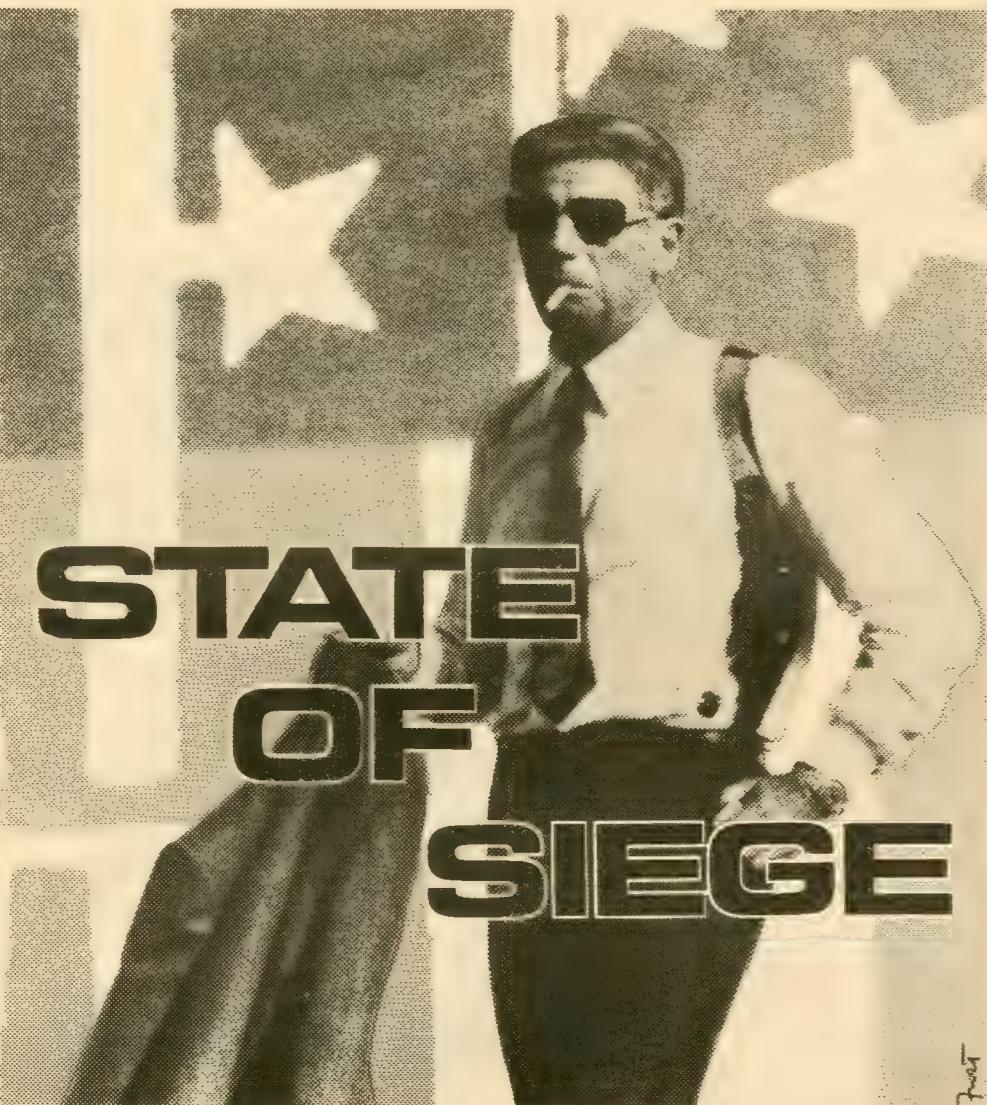
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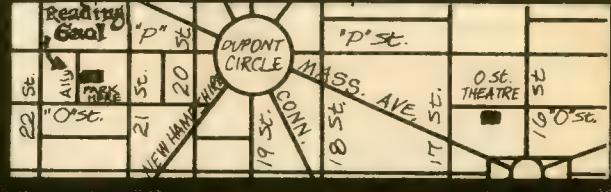
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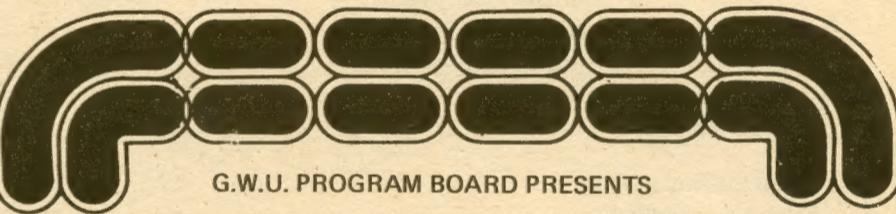
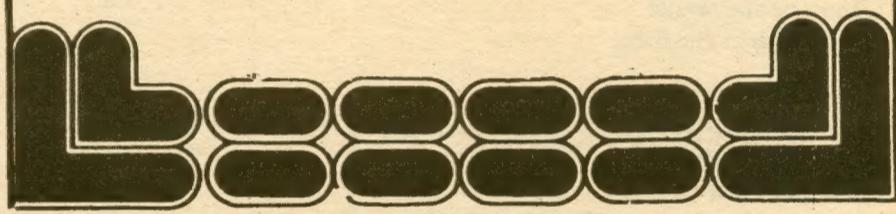


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Scrub pine, scrub oak
holly, laurel, bayberry, sea-salt
stone, the wind's white wrath,
The North's own bone.

Granite base:

What etching
Wrenched from the ridge.
Skies turned blue on white.
Snows melt. Cold
bled from the earth.
Stone cut and stone spoken
Mountain said.
Moon dropped to blue darkness
the old wood.
North now and sunstruck snows
from the old stillness.
Stone cut and stone spoken,
Moon dropped and water
thrown through,
brand new and crystal
to the notch at Pinkham.

From here we rise,
up the green, the pine
covered raw rubble
of the small east.

The twisted wood
on the lower contours;
the trees rising again
and again to the rage
of the unseen range.

Below me the trail falls away.
Water drops from above.

Dusk above the timber line;
Arctic blue air. Scrub pine
above the dark dewed wood.

Night and mountain tossed.
In the south the dark silhouette
of the Boot spur ridge looms
to ice, to stars and distance.

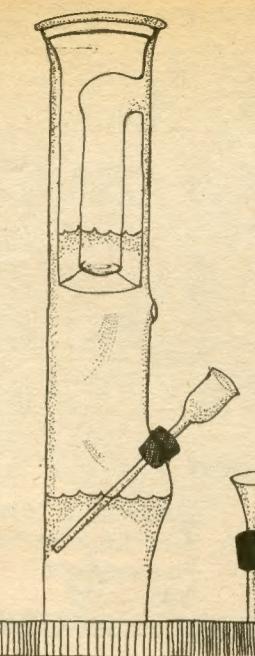
So the night moves
over the top of the Tuckerman
but the great cloud lies inert there.
Once the man-light crossed
the high south ridge, ever downward
dropped from the vast profile
of the range

into the wind. Ever so slowly

it worked at the descent.
The earth won't be dark.
One must climb to the ice born
light of New England. Climb still
above the still cloud to the moods
of Washington to see the black wounds
of the valleys rest.

Dawn.
I climb to where the cloud's
black limbs touch the cliff side.
Water runs new
beneath the stone unseen.
I come here, only here.
The hard height once by storm and then
the very sky thrown off,
half light. The round rocks
piled on the wild, high air.
Whims of green moss
turn slowly white. For awhile
a small white flower.
Then nothing.

Jim Morrisette



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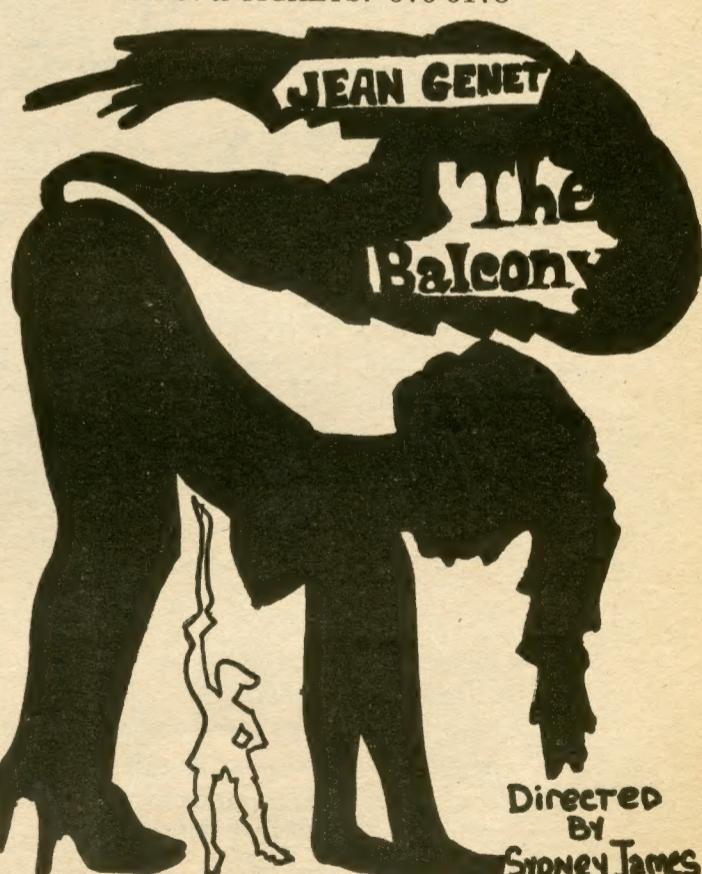
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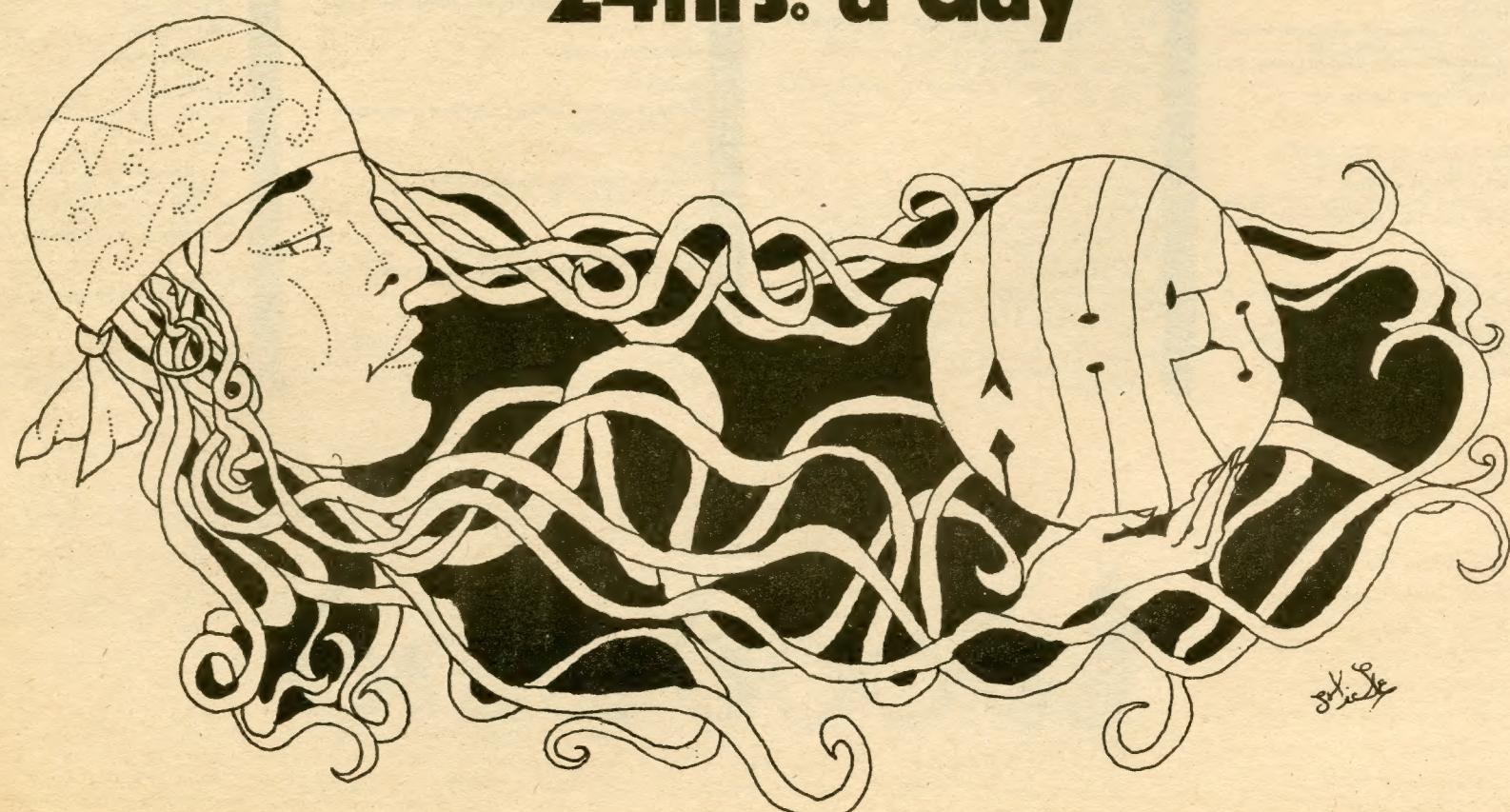
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Williams Sister; French Underground; 293-3366
Jazz; Tom Foolery; 333-7784
Oscar Brown, Jr. & Jean Pace; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Edie Adams; Blue Room, Shoram Hotel; 234-1000X6735
Gladys Knight; Loes Palace; RE7-1000
Wind Ensemble Concert; Peabody Conserv.; 8:30; (301) 837-0600
Meg Christian; Women's Center; 232-5145
Carol Sloane & Tommy Gwaltney; Blues Alley; 337-4141

FILMS

Illicit Interlude/Secrets of Women; Circle; 337-4470
Children of Paradise/The Red Balloon; Inner Circle
The New Land; AFI; 6:30 & 9pm; 833-9300
7th Seal/Loyola Coll.; 7:30 (301) 323-1010
Smiles of a Summer's Night; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll., 114 Balden Hall; 8pm; free; 336-6000X397

EVENTS

Look for Benoit (joke)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11

BIRTHDAYS

F. Gorman (composer of "Please Mr. Postman"), Erik Braun

MUSIC

Babe; Childe Harold; 483-6702
Williams Sisters (see April 10)
Oscar Brown (see April 10)
Gladys Knight (see April 10)
Edie Adams (see April 10)
Carol Sloane/Tommy Gwaltney (see April 10)
Handel's "Messiah" 1st United Methodist Church, Queens Chapel Rd & Queensberry Rd. 8pm; free

FILMS

Illicity Interlude/Secrets of Women (see April 10)
Children of Paradise/Red Balloon (see April 10)
Brother Sun, Sister Moon; AFI; 9pm; benefit; 833-9300

EVENTS

children's theatre - Dandelion; Baird Aud. Mus. of Nat'l Hist. 11am & 1pm; 381-5395
lecture - Nixon Doctrine in the Middle East - 410-415 at GWU student ctr; 7:30pm; 338-0182
lecture - Calvin Hanes - Uranian astrologer; ISIS Center; Sil. Spg.; 8pm; \$2.50; 585-2866

THURSDAY, APRIL 12

BIRTHDAYS

Keith Krokyn (Sky Cobb), Jo Jo Benson, Tiny Tim, John Kay, David Cassidy.

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 483-6702
Oscar Brown Jr. (see April 10)
Tommy James; Stardust; 843-6233
Edie Adams (see April 10)
Gladys Knight (see April 10)
Chris Williamson/Meg Christian; All Souls Church; benefit for Radio Free Women; \$1.00 donation; 8pm
Julliard String Quartet w/ Beveridge Webster; Library of Congress; 8:30 393-4463
Carol Sloane/Tommy Gwaltney (see April 10)

FILMS

Port of Call/Three Strange Loves; Circle 337-4470
My Night at Maud's/Claire's Knee; Inner Circle
Caplin Revue; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300
To Die in Madrid; Essex Comm. Coll. 8pm; (301) 682-6000
Duck Soup; Goucher Coll.; 7:30; (301) 825-3300

EVENTS

children's theatre - (see April 10)
theatre - Sheep on the Runway; Christ Church Hall, 3116 O St., N.W.; 8:30; \$2.50; FE7-2744
theatre - It's 10pm: Do you Know Where Your Children Are?; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll./Queen Anne' Aud; 8pm \$1 336-6000X397
TV - Hamlet; WETA-26; 8pm

FRIDAY, APRIL 13

BIRTHDAYS

Jim Pons (Turtles), Lester Chambers, Jack Casady (Jeff. Air)

MUSIC

London Symph. Orch. w/Andre Previn; JFK; 8:30; \$1.25-\$8; 254-3600
Liz Meyer & Friends; (see Apr. 13)
Oscar Brown, Jr. (see Apr. 10)
Tommy James (see Apr. 12)
Edie Adams (see Apr. 10)
Dr. John/Taj Mahal; Shady Grove; 8:30; \$4.50-\$6.50; (301) 948-3400
John Potter/Geo. Pina; Theatre Project; 10:30pm; free (301) 539-3090
Meg Christian; Mr. Henry's, Washington Circle.; 337-0222
Stephen Stills w/ Manassas; Cole Field House; \$2-\$6.50; 8pm; 454-2803
Julliard String Quartet (see Apr. 12)
Carol Sloane/Tommy Gwaltney (see Apr. 10)

FILMS

My Night at Maud's/Claire's Knew (see Apr. 12)
The Age of the Medici; AFI; 833-9300
Queen of the Cascades; Dunbarton Jr. H.S.; 8pm; (301) 821-9580

EVENTS

ballet - Cappella - Nat'l Ballet; JFK; 8pm; \$3-\$10; 387-5544
children's theatre - (see Apr. 11)
theatre - Sheep (see Apr. 11)
theatre - Between two Theives; Theatre Riverside; 8:30 \$2 (students \$1.50); 554-4330
theatre - It's 10pm... (see Apr. 12)
opera - Good Soldier Schweik; Thos. Jefferson comm. thea. 8pm; 558-2161
poetry - May Miller Sullivan/Myra Sklarow; Reception Suite Nat'l Mus. of Hist. & Tech.; 8pm; 381-5911
one-woman show - "An Evening Off-Off-Broadway" by Kay Carney; Theatre Project; 8:30; (301) 539-3090

SATURDAY, APRIL 14

BIRTHDAYS

Buddy Knox, Ritchie Blackmore (Deep Purple)

MUSIC

London Symphony (see Apr. 13)
Liz Meyer (see Apr. 12)
Liz Meyer; Mt. St. Mary's Coll. Emmitsburg; 3-6pm
Tommy James (see Apr. 12)
last chance to see Edie Adams (see Apr. 10)
John Potter/Geo. Pina (see Apr. 13)
Meg Christian (see Apr. 13)
Carol Sloane/Tommy Gwaltney (see Apr. 10)

FILMS

My Night at Maud's/Claire's Knee (see Apr. 12)
Napoleon; AFI; 11am; 833-9300
Tomorrow; AFI; 6:30pm
The Love of Jeanne Vey; Enoch Pratt Library; Balto. 2pm; (301) 685-6700

EVENTS

TV - Hamlet; WETA-26; 8pm
TV - Fat City High; 4:30; WETA-26
ballet - Coppelia (see Apr. 13)
children's theatre - see Apr. 11
theatre - Sheep... (see Apr. 12)
dance - Dance Thea. of Harlem; Cramton Aud. Howard U. 8:30pm \$7.50-\$25; 338-2068
music/arts fair - Vienna Comm. Ctr. 10am-midnight
one-woman-show - (See Apr. 13)
theatre - Huckelberry Finn; Balto. Mus. of Art; 11am-2pm (301) 889-1234

SUNDAY, APRIL 15

MUSIC

Humble Pie, Edgar Winter & Spooky Tooth; Balt. Civ.Ctr.; 8pm; \$4.50-\$6.50
John Potter/Geo. Pina (see Apr. 13)
Arl. Symphony; Kenmore Aud.; 3pm; free; 588-2161
Jos. Stephens, harpsichordist; Cathedral Concert; 5:30 (301) 433-8800
Quartetto Italiano; Lyric Thea; 7pm; (301) 539-9253
Marcel Marceau; Jphns Hopkins; 7:30; (301) 366-3300
Berlin Concert Choir & Orch.; JFK; 3pm; \$3.50-\$8.50
254-3776
Bluegrass '73; Country Gentlemen, Seldom Scene, II Generation; Grass Menageria; Cath. U.; \$3 (\$4 at door); 654-6000

FRIDAY, APRIL 20

BIRTHDAYS

Johnny Tillotson
Napoleon; 1pm (see Apr. 14)

EVENTS

ballet - (see Apr. 13)
children's theatre - (see Apr. 11)
radio - Gunsmoke; WAMU-FM; 88.5; 7pm
one-woman show (see Apr. 13)
theatre - Huckelberry Finn, 2pm (see Apr. 14)
lecture - ISIS Ctr. Sil. Spg; 2pm; \$3; 585-2886

MONDAY, APRIL 16

BIRTHDAYS

Dusty Springfield, Henry Mancini, Bobby Vinton, Jimmy Osmond

MUSIC

Jazz; the Tom Foolery; 7 nights/wk; 333-7784
Sea Train/Brian Bowers; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Bluegrass; French Underground; 293-3366
Berlin Concert Choir & Orch. (see Apr. 15)
Liz Meyer & Friends (the Keg); 333-9594
Shawn Phillips; GWU Lisner Aud. 8pm; 676-7410

FILMS

Shoot the Piano Player/Breathless; Inner Circle; 337-4470
Dr. Jekyl & Mr. Hyde; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

reading - Richard Kostelanetz; Top of the Park; Loeb Std. Ctr. 8pm; free

TUESDAY, APRIL 17

MUSIC

Bluegrass (see Apr. 16)
Jazz Ensemble; Peabody Conserv.; 8:30; (301) 837-0600
Sea Train/Brian Bowers (see Apr. 16)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Apr. 16)

FILMS

Battle of Algiers/La Guerre Est Fini; Circle; 337-4470
New Women, New Films; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

TV - Fat City High; 11pm; WETA-26
ballet - American Ballet Theatre; JFK; 8pm; 254-3600

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18

BIRTHDAYS

Leopold Stokowski

MUSIC

Bluegrass (see Apr. 16)
Garrick Ohlsson; Lyric Thearte; 8:30; (301) 727-7300
Sea Train/Brian Bowers (see Apr. 16)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Apr. 14); 483-6702

FILMS

Battle of Algiers/La Guerre Est Fini (see Apr. 17)
Love Story of Chas. Faberman; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

Poetry - Sy Gresser; Theatre Project; 8:30pm, free; Balto.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19

BIRTHDAYS

Mark Volman (Flo & Eddie), Larry Ramos (Association), Alan Price (Animals)

MUSIC

David Bromberg; Childe Harold; 483-6702
Sea Train/Brian Bowers (see Apr. 16)

FILMS

Jules & Jim/400 Blows; Circle; 337-4470
Uncle Sam Filmmaker (Nasa films); Renwick Gallery; 11:15 12:15; 1:15 & 2:15

EVENTS

birthday party - Theatre Project, Balto.; bring \$ in lieu of presents

ballet - (see Apr. 17)

TV - Richard II, WETA-26; 8pm

FRIDAY, APRIL 21

BIRTHDAYS

Johnny Tillotson

MUSIC

David Bromberg (see Apr. 19)
The Lettermen (shady grove); 8:30; \$4.50-\$6.50 (301) 948-3400
Meg Christian (see Apr. 13)
Sea Train/Brian Bowers (see Apr. 16)
Chubby Checkers; the Stardust; 843-6233

FILMS

Jules & Jim/400 Blows (see Apr. 19)
Solaris (the Russian "2001"); AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

dance - Pilobolus, male dancers; Theatre Project, Balto. 8:30
free
poetry - Eugene McCarthy/Margaret Gibson; Reception Suite Mus. of Hist & Tech.; 8pm; 381-5911
theatre; Between Two Theives; Theatre Riverside; 8:30, \$2,
students \$1.50; 559-4300
ballet - (See Apr. 17)

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

BIRTHDAYS

Nicky Barclay (Fanny), Johnny Weider (Animals)

MUSIC

[[see April 20]]
Nat'l Symp. Chamber Players; JFK; 8:30; \$2-\$4.95;
254-3776

FILMS

Jules & Jim/400 Blows (see Apr. 19)
Bambi; AFI; 2&4pm; 833-9300
O Lucky Man; AFI; 6&9pm

EVENTS

dance - (see Apr. 20)
theatre - (see Apr. 20)
ballet - (see Apr. 20)
TV - Richard III; WETA-26; 8pm

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

BIRTHDAYS

Yehudi Menuhin, Glenn Campbell, Peter Frampton